AND

No TALE:

That is to say,

A TALE, and No TALE of a TUB.

Magna est Veritas, & prævalebit.

LONDON:

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GO, *trembling Muſe, to him preſent theſe*
[*Lines,*
In whom the Chriſtian *in the* Hero *ſhines.*
The Court, the Camp, the Cabinet and Main,
May Information from each Action gain.
At his great Name the Stiff Venetian *bows,*
And France *with Envy his Perfection views:*
And tho' we, on the Death of Great Naſſau,
The Peer diveſted of his Splendor ſaw;
Yet, after ſome Eclipſe, now Phœbus *like,*
His Beams with greater Force our Senſes ſtrike.
If on theſe Strokes he deigns to caſt an Eye,
I ſhall the Envy and the Rage defy

10

Of thoſe, who curſe the Battel at the Boyne;
True Sterling hate, and long for Copper Coin:
Who would thoſe Noble Arms by Judah *born,*
And which did our Brave Anceſtors adorn,
Pluck down, and for a Lion Rampant wear
Th' Opprobrious Arms of Sluggiſh Iſſachar;
An Aſs Couchant between Two heavy Packs,
(To gall our Conſciences, and break our Backs,)
Popery and Slavery, which to promote
The Wiſdom of the Nation gave their Vote,
As imitating Parrots ſpeak by Note.
Had the ſucceeding Senate been like That,
Another Parliament had never ſat.

A TALE,

AND

No TALE, &c.

WHen *Rome* took Thought, and her [no God nor Man
Stood trembling in th' alarm'd *Vati-* [*can*:
When Bulls of *Baſhan* ſcrap'd, and [foam'd, and roar'd,
And in wild Fury one another gor'd:
When the Invincible *Armada* knew
A Conqu'ring *Drake*, and bad her Pride adieu:
When Suppliant *Dutch* & *French* diſmiſs'd their Pleas,
And own'd *Britannia* Empreſs of the Seas:

When

When as High Treason 'twas pronounc'd, to say
The Crown's Descent not in the Senate lay:
'Twas then *Eliza* did the Sceptre sway,
And taught by Love her Subjects to obey;
Rather than on her Mitred *Jewel* frown,
She wou'd have lost a *Topaz* in her Crown:
Her Faithful *Burleigh*, and her *Walsingham*,
Still had her Favour, who was *Still the Same.*

But scarce had She resign'd her Sacred Breath,
Her Crown and Sceptre to Imperial Death,
But *Caledonian James* ascends the Throne,
And to his Father's Glories adds his own;
Who was so much devoted to his Book,
He had but little Time abroad to look,
Save into *Spain*; where when the Prince, to gain
Th' *Infanta*, had long sigh'd and cring'd in vain,
France was thought on, and there was soon espy'd
A Daughter no less fit to be a Bride
Than *Richlieu* and his *Holiness* cou'd make her;
And *Charles* for better and for worse must take her;
That from Loins Protestant and Popish Womb,
A Motly Race of Royal Babes might come,
And in their Turns embroil all *Christendom.*
Yet by one Act he shall atone for all,
When *Brunswick GEORGE* to *Britain* has a
[Call.

At length, the Learned Monarch yields to Fate,
And Royal *Charles* must now support the State.
Papists, like Locusts, soon o'respread the Land;
And what *MARIA* Wills, She will Command.

Our

Our Goods distrain'd, th' oppressed Subject groans
Under the Weight of Tonnage, and of Loans.
Accomplices the Learned Judges are,
And *Maxims* that, which *Law* condemns, de-
[clare;
And He who cannot err, the Blame must bear.
Lest *Sundays* shou'd make Men too melancholy,
A Declaration's read to make them jolly.
Popes are less lib'ral in their Grants than we,
Who ev'ry *Sunday* have a *Jubile*.
Churches grown empty, and the Play-House full;
The Parson's baited, and the Parish-Bull:
The Air with *Bacchanalian* Shouting rings,
And *Rome*'s Vice-God loudly *Te Deum* sings:
While Meteors in Religion, wand'ring Stars
Mislead the Godly into Civil Wars:
For these, the *Martyr* at the Block lays down
Three Kingdoms, to receive a weightier Crown.

Old *Noll*, the *Boanerges* of our Isle,
Usurp'd the Throne by Sacrilege and Guile;
Whose *Kidderminster* Heroes, from their Looms,
Commenc'd fam'd *Polycarps* and *Chrysostoms*:
The *Saints* and *Truth* he lov'd, and for their Good
Some *Endor*-Oracle there always stood
At his Right Hand, disguiz'd in *Samuel*'s Hood.
When deep in Blood he meant to drench his Sword,
He *sat in Sackcloth*, and he *sought the Lord*.
And by his Zeal, from Blood the Land to save,
He weary'd Death, and surfeited the Grave:
Of whom, in Hell, the Devil stood in Fear,
Lest he shou'd raise a New Rebellion there.

The Exil'd *Charles* by Miracle reſtor'd,
Let looſe the Reins, and droll'd, and dr--nk, and
[wh--r'd.
On his Prerogative all did entrench,
Who diſallow'd him Claret, or a We--ch:
And Royal Trade of Wh--ring to advance,
More Coin was ſpent, than wou'd have conquer'd
[*France*;
And lazy, uſeleſs Soldiers kept in Pay,
To ſtrut in Buff, and ſcare the Crows away.
Altho' with Morals as with Faith it far'd,
Yet his Applauſe the Loyal Party ſhar'd;
'There's *Cavalier*, ſaid he, upon my Word,
'As brave a Man as ever drew a Sword:
Yet with this Caſuiſt, He as others far'd;
For Loyalty muſt be its own Reward.
Reſtraint was grievous, and a Jury Pack't
In Judgment ſat on the Triennial Act:
A fix'd Revenue was on foot, to thwart
Tumultuous Voting at Deciſive Cart.
Nor Plague, nor Fire, nor Popiſh Plot diſgrac'd,
Becauſe to *White-Hall* and St. *James*'s trac'd,
Cou'd make him pray, who never lov'd to faſt:
Who Popiſh Succeſſor wou'd have debarr'd,
The Ax, or Halter had for their Reward.
Peace, War, Religion, Liberty, and Trade;
All empty Sounds, of no Importance made.
He ſmil'd at *Sampſon*'s Locks, and *Balaam*'s Aſs;
And made the *Bible* but an *Hudibras*:
While we, by Principles of Courtſhip ſway'd,
Paſſive-Obedience to his Vices paid.

His

His Court a Sanctuary was for Sin;
And there a Reformation to begin,
Had more than bare Conſtructive Treaſon been.
At Board and Bed, his *Rocheſter* and *Nell*,
Made him regardleſs both of Heav'n and Hell.
And during all his long and lazy Reign,
What th' *Engliſh* loſt, the *French* made ſure to [gain.

And after his *Myſterious* Death, we ſaw
A King reſolv'd to make his Will the Law:
Fluſh'd with *Addreſſes*, faſhionable Things,
The People's Leproſy, the Plague of Kings.
At *Oxford*, leſt St. *Mary*'s ſhou'd be thump'd
By *Scottiſh* Fiſt, and *Monmouth* on them trump'd,
The Muſes Walks Artill'ry-Ground become;
Learning was ſilenc'd by the rattling Drum:
The *Carthaginian*'s Weapons, Pray'rs and Tears,
For Muskets were exchang'd, and Bandaleers.
Stand to your Arms, was the commanding Word;
And for *Oremus* was produc'd a Sword;
And hugely pleas'd was Academick 'Squire,
To hear cry, *Handle*, *Poiſe*, *Preſent*, *Give Fire*.
And to prevent old Feuds, and Malecontents,
Our *Alma Mater* to her Sons preſents
A New Academy of Compliments.

The Duke quail-pip'd, and taken in the Net,
The King t' his Power ſaw no Limits ſet;

And on his Brows ſuch Clouds of Wrath did
[dwell,
As if he'd frown Three Kingdoms into Hell,
Or into that Elab'ratory, where
They Saints for Heav'n by Chymick Art prepare.
He ſcorn'd to ſtoop; and, like Himſelf, he ſaid,
This is My Pleaſure: I will be obey'd.
And 'twas decreed, that *A-la-mode de France*,
His Boys in Scarlet ſhou'd lead up the Dance;
And that as Hereticks they ſhou'd condemn
All thoſe, who ſhould refuſe to join with them.

Old *Exon*, on whoſe Learned Sons entail'd
Once ſeem'd the * Sacred Chair, was firſt aſſail'd;
But She oppos'd, and bravely ſtood her Ground,
And *Juſtice*, where no *Conſcience* was, She found.

But here an Eſſay only was there made,
How far in Holy Water they might wade,
In Form of Law, yet with Applauſe evade.
O're *Magd'len* Bridge next *Cartwright* took a
[Leap,
Who, to ſerve *Cromwell*, thought his Life too
[cheap;
But he, buoy'd up by Bladders blown at *Rome*,
Witchcraft made good, and ſafe to Land did come,
And took Poſſeſſion of *Eliſium*.

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* Three of her *Rectors* ſucceſſively Doctors of the Chair; *viz.* Dr. *Holland*, Dr. *Prideaux*, and Dr. *Conant*.

An

An Inquiſition was ſet up, and Maſs
Was celebrated in the Holy Place.
Legends for Scripture, Beads for Devotion went,
And *Hocus-Pocus* for a *Sacrament*:
And Perjur'd Prieſts, who Sacred Oaths diſown'd,
More worthy of a *Pillory*, enthron'd;
And *Quo-Warranto's* againſt Charters brought,
And *Cloſetting* a Righteous Thing was thought.

Then, with more Lively Colours to adorn
Italian Tapeſtry, *a Child was born*;
And that the Pope might *Proteſtant* become,
A fam'd *Ambaſſador* diſpatch'd to *Rome*;
And by his *Holineſs* was hither ſent
A *Nuncio*, to return the Compliment.
Laws, the Great Charter of our Lives and Rights,
Which give us Bread by Day, and Reſt by Nights,
Were diſanull'd by a *Diſpenſing Pow'r*,
And *Refractory SEVEN* ſent to *Tow'r*;
And *Standing Army* ready to prevent
The *Saucy Yea's* and *No's* of Parli'ment.
Of Chuſing *Burgeſſes* our Towns were eas'd,
The *Sword* repeal'd, and made what Laws it [pleas'd.

Thus ſtood the Caſe, when we with Pray'rs and [Tears
Heav'n's Aid implor'd, to diſſipate our Fears.

Kind Heav'n heard——

James, at the News, letting his Sceptre fall,
Trembl'd like *Herod* in the *Judgment-Hall*,
When by an *Angel* ſmitten, by an Hoſt
Of *Worms* invaded, yielded up the Ghoſt.

Oxonians of their Loyalty grown ſick,
Were now reſolv'd to ſhow their King a Trick:
* *Decretum* was confronted, and diſgrac'd,
And *Aſſociation* o're againſt it plac'd,
And *Janus*, in the Middle, *double-fac'd*.

We, that their Church might not *Triumphant* be,
Ours in good earneſt *Militant* did ſee;
Our *Paſſive Men* with flaming Swords did ſtand
Our Guardians, to defend the *Holy Land*:
Reſiſtance, by their Practice, they made good;
Wond'ring at *Paul* ſo long miſunderſtood!
They Gooſe-quills and their Mitres laid aſide,
And bravely like *Pellæan* Youths did ride;
And by th' *Outward Man* in Armour dreſs'd,
How th' *Inward* was diſpos'd they well expreſs'd,
What more Canonically ſounds than this?
To Arms, *To Arms*; *the Church in Danger is.*

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* Decretum agnoſcunt, atq; Aſſociatio eundem Authorem, bifrons eſt tibi, Jane, Caput.

Would

Would Kings then have their Subjects Love and [Awe?
Let them not rule by *Violence*, but *Law*.
Pow'r uncontroll'd for GOD alone is fit,
Whose *Justice* can no *Tyranny* admit.
Kings *Tyrants* grown, can Kings no longer be,
But *Traytors* to their Crown and Dignity?
For can we those as GOD's *Vicegerents* own,
Who represent the *Devil* on the Throne?

'Twas destin'd from the *Pyrenæan* Peace,
That War with *Hugonots* should never cease,
Till all cashier'd; tho' that a *Secret* was.
But now the Thing too well we understand,
That *Popery* and *Blood* go Hand in Hand:
Rome's an *Abyss*, whose Bottom none can see;
And from th' *Abyss* it draws its Pedigree.
Too tender are the Fibres of my Brain,
First to admit, and then their *Faith* maintain,
Whose *Crafty Priests* pretend a Knack to make
A *God Omnipotent* of Wheaten Cake:
No Wonder then, when *Royal Issue* fail,
To their own *Creature* they can say, *All hail!*
For ever live, Great *James* the Th-rd, and be
Restorer of our *Faith* and *Tyranny*!

Or

Oft to the *Capitol* Great *ANNA* rode,
And heard her Praiſes, and the Praiſe of God;
And ſomewhat of her *Gen'ral*'s too, whoſe Name
The Thunder of th' *Acropolis* o'recame.

Blenheim, decreed a National Expence,
For Conqueſt o're *Bavarians* and *French*;
For *Europe* ſav'd at One Deciſive Blow,
By the Great Wonder-working MARLBOROUGH:
Blenheim, where Neighb'ring Muſes ſang the Praiſe
Of the *Immortal*, in Immortal Lays,
Such as were heard in Great *Auguſtus* Days;
(Fam'd *Woodſtock*'s Hills no other Name did know,
Eccho was grown ſo fond of MARLBOROUGH)
Is now ſo ſad a Sight to look upon,
As if it Six Months *Siege* had undergone:
So looks, as if 'twould fain no longer ſtand;
Rather the Shame than Glory of our Land;
Like Ruinous Temple in repeated Brief,
It's fall'n into Decay, and begs Relief;
Forlorn and Solitary, as if there
The Ghoſts of ſlaughter'd *Frenchmen* did appear,

An *Argument* demonſtrative, to prove
The Vanity of *Triumphs* and of *Love*.

Who as the *God of War* of late appear'd,
Whoſe Name more than their *Ormond*'s Sword was [fear'd:

Himſelf

Himself an *Army*: Troops did represent
The *Landskip* only, He the *Argument*:
At whose Approach th' affrighted *Danube* fled,
And left its Channel to entomb the Dead.
Vesuvian Cannons roar'd, and Lightnings flash'd;
The *Poles* seem'd one against the other dash'd;
And all Things shudder'd, but Himself, for Fear,
As if the *Universal Doom* drew near:
For all this Glorious Service is disdain'd;
Ascrib'd to *Fortune*, what his *Conduct* gain'd.
Had he been sometime beaten, as he beat,
He'd been less envy'd, and his *Crime* less great.
Had such a *Chief* o're *Roman* Arches rode,
Before his Exequies he'd been a *God*.
Fain would we be *Pythagoreans* here,
And have his Great Undaunted Soul appear
In some Heroick Infant yet unborn,
And the succeeding Age like Him adorn:
And at his Feet may Kings their Robes lay down,
And do him Homage for their Rescu'd Crown.

Atlantick CANTERBURY! whose Great Name
(The Church's Glory, and the Clergy's Shame)
Shall stand recorded in the Books of *Fame*,
The Great, Untainted *Metropolitan*,
The Guardian-Angel of the Royal *ANNE*;
Who, for her Welfare, and the Church's Good,
Would sacrifice his Mitre, and his Blood;
May justly take his *Censer* in his Hand,
And, *Aaron*-like, 'twixt Dead and Living stand.

Now

Now *They* give Peace, who cou'd not War main-
[tain,
And more by *Routs*, than we by *Conqueſts*, gain.
We Changling *Britons* a mere Riddle are;
No leſs deſpis'd in *Peace*, than fear'd in *War*.
More Advantageous Terms they ne're had made,
Had they thoſe Laurels reap'd, which we have had.
For *Revocable Towns* to make Amends,
His Empire to the *Indies France* extends.
Let *Philip France* renounce, and *Lewis Spain*;
By ſuch Formalities, we *Cyphers* gain:
Who at an Univerſal Empire aims,
What he renounc'd to-day, to-morrow claims;
And bids us hear the Language of the *Camp*,
'A Two-edg'd Sword defies a Double-Stamp.
He will no longer his *Dear Siſter* own,
When he can ſet his *Pupil* on her Throne.
Yet we, the Shame of Reaſon and Mankind,
Crimes Capital in our Deliv'rers find.
BURNET our Biſhop, and *NASSAU* our King,
Redoubl'd Honour to our Nation bring.
The *Church Reform'd*, the Learned *Gilbert* wrote;
In whoſe Defence, the Valiant *William* fought:
But now alike the *Crown* and *Mitre* fare;
William and *Gilbert* Presbyterians are:
Yet both ſhall in the Church's *Dyptieks* ſtand,
In After-Ages Gratitude command.
Who hate that Prelate, and the Name *Naſſau*,
Wou'd have no *Queen*, and are for *Salique Law*;

Let

Let their Pretence be what it will, their Scope
s to ſet up a *Perkin*, and a *Pope*;
And notwithſtanding Oaths of *Abjuration*,
They'd *ſwear* again, and would enſlave the Nation.

Kind Dealers they! (In all th' *Abyſs* of *Hell*,
Lewis as deeply vers'd as *Machivel*,
Grown old in Perjury, as harden'd Steel
Whoſe *Conſcience* is, and no *Remorſe* can feel!)
That *He*, who gaſping lay, may now take Breath,
They bid their Swords lie dormant in their Sheath.
Peace to Negotiate with Sword in Hand,
not to *beg* a *Peace*, but Peace *command*.
Becauſe *They* cannot ſtand their Ground, *We* yield,
nd for a *Congreſs*, wiſely quit the Field;
s if the *Names* of Kings of *France* to bear,
ere better than the *Crown* it ſelf to wear:
Crown ſo weighty as that is, may make
lore than a *Female Monarch*'s Temples ake;
aden with more than ſimply *Two* already,
Third clapt on, might make all Three unſteady.

So well our *State-Phyſitians* this did know,
s to adviſe no Need of MARLBOROUGH:
Therefore of late ſome *Sibyl*'s Leaf was ſeen,
Which was inſcrib'd, *No* GEN'RAL, *or No*
[*QUEEN.*

The Aged GLO'STER, in whose Rev'rend [Looks
We view the *Fathers*, read them in his Books;
Who to those *Orators* is no great Friend,
Who *bidding* others Pray, themselves *commend*
As *Fathers Most*, and *Right*, and *Reverend*.
He barely *Bishops*, *Priests*, and *Deacons* says,
According to Old Stile in *Edward*'s Days.
He oft on Martyr'd *Hooper* thinks, and prays,
We ne're may see again Queen *Mary*'s Days:

And LINCOLN says, *Amen*.——

Whose *Learning*, and whose *Piety* alone,
Do show the *Clergy* all abridg'd in one.
He, who unlock'd the Cabinet of *Hell*,
Examin'd, ransack'd, riff'd ev'ry Cell;
The *Sorbonne* and the *Conclave* overthrew,
In his Rencounter with their Fam'd *De Meaux*,
And brought their *Secrets* into open View.

While some have gain'd the National Applause,
For raising *Tumults* in the Church's Cause;
Brave ASAPH's *martyr'd*, in his Sentenc'd Lines
Yet He, for *being burnt*, the brighter shines.

Majestick TALBOT! in whose Awful Mein
At once the *Hero* and the *Prelate*'s seen:

He,

e, with *His* NORWICH, in *Devotion* ſhares,
nd for a Crown of *Martyrdom* prepares.

Committees Courts of *Inquiſition* are;
ith Reaſon, or without, *condemn* and *ſpare*:
nd *Beardleſs Youths* Grave Senators are made,
nd *Boys* ſet up, before they've learnt their *Trade*;
ho will not fail of ſaying *Ay*, or *No*,
cauſe Sir *John-of-Nokes* or *Styles* ſays ſo.
e *Rome*, for her *Implicit Faith*, condemn,
t at *White-Hall* 'tis Orthodox in them.

Yet out of Danger doubtleſs is our Church,
r *Houſe of Peers* can't leave her in the Lurch:
when the *Preſbyterian* School affords
o *Zealous*, *Tory*, Church-of-*England* Lords;
at need our *Mitred Fathers* draw their Swords?

We may as well mete th' Heav'ns with a Span,
comprehend the *Faſhionable Man*:
Love with *Popery* we are ſo much,
at we careſs the *French*, and damn the *Dutch*:
War with *Holland*, and a *League* with *France*,
ut an *Honi ſoit qui Mal y penſe*.
oſtates from the *Common Cauſe* become,
're Proſelytes of *France*, and Hopes of *Rome*.
tions, which plainly Church in *Danger* ſhow,
interrupted from the Pulpit flow;

Where, with a Loyal *January* Stroke,
Oft did the *Paſſive*, Velvet Cuſhion ſmoke.
Cou'd ſuch, like Gods, again in * *Orfraies* ſhine,
De Facto Tenure would be *Right Divine.*
Divines then would not keep ſo great a Clutter,
But preach up *tantot' l'un*, and *tantot' l'autre.*

Fam'd for this Art, the *Convocation Dean*,
In ev'ry Act a *Double-Dealer* ſeen;
The *Church* in Danger, out of Danger ſhows,
Juſt as St. *James*'s Weather-Prophet blows:
For ſuch no Movement, like *Machines*, receive,
But what *Court-Engineers* are pleas'd to give:
All whoſe Religion in their *Craft* is ſeen,
To ſkreen the *Traytor*, and expoſe the QUEEN.

At length, while muſing on the *Glorious Peace*,
Sleep clos'd my Eyes, yet War ſeem'd not to ceaſe.
By my Bed-ſide there ſtood a *Dubious Thing*,
(Whom ſome Pretender call, and others *King*)
'Flouriſh'd his Sword, and by St. *George* he ſwore
'His *Right* in Queſtion ſhou'd be call'd no more.
'*Marlbro'* no longer Maſter of the Field,
'Shall all his Trophies to my *Ormond* yield:

* Frizled Cloth of Gold, made and us'd in *England*, both before ſince the Conqueſt; worn both by the Clergy, and the Kings th ſelves. *Vid.* Blunt's *Gloſſography.*

'T

'The Court by *Bolingbroke* and *Oxford* sway'd,
'To their Ambition is a *Victim* made,
'And Honour to them by the *Senate* paid.
'My *Right Hereditary* to maintain,
'I'll wade thro' Blood of new-born *Infants* slain;
'And when the Stream's advanc'd above the Chin,
'I'll Heav'n applaud, and thirsty gulp it in:
'The *Northern* Heresy shall here set foot
'No more, but be destroy'd both Branch and Root.
This said, the *Pulvis Fulminans* retir'd,
And all in *Blaze*, and *Noise*, and *Smoke* expir'd.

New-wak'd, and scarce recover'd of my Fears,
The Death of *ANNA* thunder-clapt my Ears:
Before that *Glorious Peace* yet had She dy'd,
She, like a *Roman*, had been *deify'd*:
Her *Royal Bounty*, and *Success* in War,
Had fix'd Her in the Skies a Glorious Star.

But since that QUEEN by *Death* is snatch'd away,
To Fam'd AUGUSTUS we'll just Homage pay.

Great *GEORGE*! whose Graces so adorn the [*Throne*,
That now Great *William*'s Loss is hardly known,
While all or *court* thy Smile, or *dread* thy Frown.

Hail, Son of Great *Plantagenet!* in You
Our Ancient *Saxon* Kings *Restor'd* we view.

Welcome,

Welcome, moſt welcome to our *Albion*'s Shore,
Which as a floating *Delos* was before:
For You the Bleſt *Apollo* are, whoſe Hand
On its Old *Baſis* makes it firmly ſtand.

Thus toſs'd by Winds upon the raging Main,
Where Mountains follow Mountains in a Train;
The *Sinking Ship* now labours in a Storm,
Deſpair and certain Death did all alarm:
At length, *commanded to be ſtill*, no more
The Winds with foaming Billows daſh'd the Shore;
But *Neptune* ſmiling, view'd the trembling Tide,
While Murm'ring *Zephyrs* o're the Waves did ride.

On the Late VICTORY *over the* REBELS.

THE *Rebels* quell'd, Fame wou'd the News [have brought
To Great AUGUSTUS; but *Victoria* ſought
How to retard her Flight, and clipt her Wing,
That She who caus'd the News, the News might [bring.
She therefore, with unuſual Pomp, aſſumes
Her Large and Splendid Tyre of Golden Plumes;
And with the Awful Triumph of her Wings,
Th' applauding Airy Region loudly rings;
Till at St. *James*'s She her *GEORGE* diſcovers,
Where o're Him for a while She ſmiling hovers:
But grown impatient, flies into his Arms,
And makes Him feel th' Endearments of her *Charms*.
The Crown Triumphal by her thither born,
His Temples, She reſolves, ſhall now adorn.
A Sceptre wreath'd with Laurels, from her Hand
He takes: Her Globe no leſs at his Command:
While th' Earth beneath his Feet did gently riſe,
Proud to advance Him to Spectators Eyes;

Whence